HOT WEATHER PALLIATIVES

DOG DAYS' DISCOMPORTS. Animal Reat Should Be Reduced by Eating Vegetables and Acid Things-Kinds of Fruit to Eat-Drinks That Should Be Avoided

Hot weather is intolerable enough at best, but there is such a thing as reducing its discomforts to the minimum. Considering the amount of agony the average citizen endures, during the dog days, it seems queer that so few perspiring mortals even make an effort to learn the principles of summer hygiene or to put those principles into practice after learning them. In the matter of hot weather diet, the ordipary community simply runs amuck. Nature does put in a protest, for self-protection, and roast pork and sausage and buckwheat cakes are unspeakable things in midsummer, but the taboo doesn't cover enough ground. One's appetite is bound to flag with the coming of hot days and it's a lucky dispensation of Providence that it does. Nature recognizes the fact that

with the temperature in the 90's the system doesn't need as much fuel as it does when animal heat is all that keeps the body warm. So the old Dame issues orders to stop stoking. but the man who thinks he owns the body in estion, doesn't pay any attention to her. He remarks in consternation that his appetite is falling off and he takes to tonics and pick-meups and appetizers. He uses every artificial means to tease himself into eating larger quantitles of food than he needs for health; and ie has forced himself into overloading his stomach, he lays the flattering unction to his soul that he has done the square thing by himself and has taken precautions against sick-Now the fact is that he probably eats too much all the year round, and eats altogether too much in warm weather. The stomach ought to rebel against carbonaceous food in summer and if its warning isn't heeded. it is excusable for making things decidedly un-

Lat meat, pastry, butter, bread, cream and stimulants of all sorts are out of order on the asweather menu. Of course, habit demands a certain amount of bread and butter and cream, but the amount should be exceedingly small The natural craving for acids that comes with hot weather should receive respectful attention. Fruit and green vegetables are the most impertant features of summer diet. Lean meat, poultry, fish, plain oil salads and light ices are all excellent things for a stomach whose energy is undermined by the heat. As for drinksthere one comes to the very essence of summer dietetic crimes. With the first leap of the mercury every American makes a mad rush for the watercooler or the nearest soda fountain, and, from that hour until October, tries conscientiously to have a stream of iced liquid trickling down his throat during half of his waking hours. The practice is absolutely disastrous to health and produces temporary coolness at the cost of subsequent greater dis comfort, but there is no use in arguing the point. Tinkling ice in a glass is an invitation that no American can withstand. If iced drinks must be taken, at least they should be relegated to between meal periods. Iced tea iced water, iced lemonade, iced coffee at meals are a dietetic abomination. leed liquid at 35 degrees going into a stom-

pleasant for its owner.

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ach literally stops the process of digestion, which doesn't go on until the water has been warmed to the point of about 100 degrees, Now a summer stomach has enough trouble Now a summer stomach has enough troubles of its own, without having to cook up 65 degrees of crat for each drink poured into it, and, as comparative confort in hot weather depends entirely upon a satisfactory condition or general health, the man who suffers from the heat couldn't do a worse thing than drink leed drinks with his meals. The more water, of reasonably cool temperature, he drinks, the better, for it induces perspiration. of reasonably cool temperature, he drinks, the better, for it address perspiration, and perspiration, while unbecoming, is summe salvation. A little lemon infectine line ince or even a dash of vinegar in the water is thirst quenching. Milk or milk and vichy is a good summer drink, if it agrees with one in any kind of weather, but there is danger of its producing billiousness, and butternilk is safer in summer. In fact, with the single exception of good water, buttermilk is perhaps the best of hot weather drinks. The whole army of "cups" and whiskey and gin are unwholesome in hot weather, because of the blood heating and nerve exkey and gin are unwholesome in hot weather, because of the blood heating and nerve exulant in them, as well as because of e fee that makes them tempting. Fruit eating in the hot season is altogether

the ice that makes them tempting.

Fruit eating in the hot season is altogether sensible if one is particular as to the quality of the fruit, and doesn't eat an absurd quantity at a time; but an immense amount of summer sickness comes from eating fruit and berries that are either not ripe enough or are overripe and tainted. The slightest indication of decay in fruit should bar it absolutely as an edible, but thrifty housewives would rather spend money on doctor's bills than throw away fruit and, even in luxurious homes, not half enough caution is exercised about the fruit that is put on the table. Down on the East Bide the fruit question is a crying evil, against which doctors argue in vain. Naturally enough, to persons who are on meagre and unappetizing diet and upon whom the heat tells cruelly, the fruit of the corner stands is tempting and they devour it voraciously when they have the money to buy it. Almost all of it is unwholesome, much of it is absolutely unfit to eat; but its bad condition reduces its price and brings it within reach of the poor. So the East Side bables roll about the sidewalks clutching lumps of decayed banana or peaches or plums in their dirty little hands; and the dispensaries and baby hospitals are crowded and papers record alarming infant mortality due to the heat.

The waternelon, so ublquitous on the East Side, is another source of evil, though watermelon is a very good thing when one treats it fairly. It has been known to cure yellow fever and choiera cases and is valuable in kidney troubles but when tainted it is a deadly thing, and the practice much in vogue among East Side children of eating the rind as well as the pulp can hardly be commended save as a suldid measure.

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Few business men realize the necessity
much stronger in summer than in winter, of
absolute regularity in habits—particularly in
the matter of the lunch hour; and few have
rational ideas about the sort of thing they
should eat for their luncheon. No man who
expects to work on through the afterpoon
in the heat has a right to eat a hearty luncheon
or drink stimulants. If he must have a gin
rickey and a lobster he should, at least, wait
until after business hours, and at noon stick
to sandwiches, fruit and buttermilk, or plain
water. It sounds rather ascetic and may
move the average man to derisive mirth, but
it is sound advice, and if followed would radically improve the staying ability of the city
man and the quality of his afternoon work
during the summer

Baths are almost as vital a matter as food
in hot weather, and though the science of bathing is perhaps better understood than the science
of eating, its tremendous importance is hardly
appreciated by a large percentage of the population.

Except in cases of illness and extreme delicacy

of eating, its tremendous importance is hardly appreciated by a large percentage of the population.

Except in cases of illness and extreme delicacy an all-over bath each day is absolutely imperative in hot weather. Hot baths should be shunned because the relaxation and limpness following them are too hard upon a system already severely tried by the heat. A lukewarm bath followed by a cold shower or sponge, is the thing, unless one is strong enough constitutionally for the daily cold plunge: and even in the latter case the warm water is necessary once a day for purposes of cleanliness. Perspiration carries off a host of poisonous elements from the system, and it is essential to health in hot weather that the pores of the body should be kept open and free from all clogging substances. One tubbing a day is enough for wisdom, but a sponge bath should be added to that, and, if one has the time for it, two or three sponge baths are better than one. If, by any miracle, the poor of the city could be brought to realize the medicinal effect of very frequent baths for children during the summer the death list would be greatly lowered. A few drops of ammonia or of vinegar in the water adds to the benefit and efficacy of the summer bath: and salt water or a rub with a salt cloth (prepared by allowing a wash cloth to lie over night in a very strong salt solution) will do wonders toward keeping the body in good condition and so diminishing the bad effects of the heat. Of course the salt rub must be followed by a clear water sponge. Thorough airing of rooms and clothing becomes even more essential in summer than in winter. Infortunately one class in the community lives where pure air, for any purpose, is unattainable, but even where pure air is a drag on the market there is atonishing carelessness in regard to this matter. It is the exceptional housewife whose wardrobes and closets are thoroughly aired every day, and yet the thing is imperative in hot weather; and hanging a garment dusty and damp with perspiration in a closed hanging a garment dusty and damp with piration in a closed wardrobe or closet is nitary abordination. Beds should be afred a santary abordination. Beds should be aired to a degree of thoroughness that is uncommon even in wealthy families. Every article of clothing taken off should be spread out where the air can filter through it. Where the item of laundry expense makes daily change to fresh garments an impossibility one should at least, if he owns two sets of clothing, keep them both going, wearing them alternately, while the one not in use is left exposed to the air, and, if possible, to the sunshine.

The problem of dress in hot weather is one to vex even a righteous soul. The proprieties

forbid the only style of summer attire that would be possible for all classes of society, and many men and women could not afford to dress rationally if they would, while those who could dont do it because it isn't the fashionable thing. Each individual will have to figure out the equation for himself, but the woman's corsets, the man's hat, and the universal high linen collar are the most vicious of the enemies to summer comfort. One cannot advise the complete and general abandonment of the corset. The possibilities of such a revolution seem too appalling; and the suggestion conjures up a vision of innumerable fat women melting over the sidewalks like huge and unstable wine jellies. But surely the slim girl can afford to be cool. As for the men's hats, they are an invention of the evil one for the embittering of the soul of man, and it certainly is a wonder that our THINGS TO DO TO KEEP DOWN -Scientific Bathing Should Be Indulged In -The Airing of Rooms and of Clothing.

for the men's hats, they are an invention of the evil one for the embittering of the soul of man, and it certainly is a wonder that our men have not before now arisen and thrown off the voke. A stiff felt hat in summer is atrocious beyond words, and a straw hat is little better. Neither has ventilation enough to insure health and comfort to the wearer; and though one small hole poked in the side of a hat does make it better than an air-tight hot-box, it isn't all that is needed. Perforations on the same level on opposite sides of a hat are a necessity, and even then, the proposition is bad enough. If American men would only fling away the tradition that they live in a temperate climate and adapt themselves to tropical summers, they would gain infinite comfort, and the first gleam of such rationality should be shown in the adoption of a linen or canvas hat or one of a soft and openwork straw. A wet linen cloth or the traditional green leaves inid inside a hat will lessen the suffering of the man who will wear his Fedora or his heavy straw sailor, or even a cap; but he does find the institution a nuisance when it comes to taking off his hat to an acquaintance. For the man who works in his office or in any hot place during the summer, and who feels his veins throbbing and his gray matter boiling, there is solace in a damp cloth laid on the back of the neck at the base of the brain. It can be

veins throbbing and his gray matter boiling, there is solace in a damp cloth laid on the back of the neck at the base of the brain. It can be held in place by tying a thin handkerchief around the throat, and can be changed occasionally; and the amount of relief it furnishes is far in excess of the amount of trouble it entails. Wet cloths around the wrists are another thing that will bring the temperature of the body down on the run; and one resource of the heat-oppressed little appreciated is the substitution of loose canvas or grass slippers or sandals for shoes while one is in the house or office. There are few things that will cool one so quickly and surely as the cooling of one's feet; and, while conventions may demand thick leather on the street, the man who sticks to his russet shoes or patent leathers in the office, shop or house, is a plain fool and deserves no sympathy if he grows aponetic from the heat.

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is a main toot and deserves no sympathy if he grows aponletic from the heat.

Literry of any sort, save in cases of dire necessity, should be a lost art during July and August and the less one hurries in those months the more one accomplishes. Hurry is, with Americans, more a matter of habit than of necessity, and the man who absolutely refuses to hurry or worry during hot weather is wise in his generation, and in nine cases out of ten will furnish another illustration of the soundness of the orinciple voiced in the edifying fable of the tortois and the hare.

Don't run for cars; don't rush madly up elevated railroad steps; don't eat with one eye on the clock. One is tolerably sure to be hot, but if a man can't keep cool, he might at least keep as cool as he can.

JUST BACK FROM SAHARA. Mr. Swingle Found the Days Hotter and the Nights Cooler Than Here.

From the Washington Evening Star A traveller from the hot sands of the Sahara has just returned to the Department of Agriculture with some valuable collections, and what is more to the point for this story, an interesting account of his experiences in the The long journey was made to bring to this country, for transplanting in Arizona, some now grown in Arizona in small quantities. The sarly settlers planted seeds, and from these a few trees which bear fruit have sprung up. under very adverse conditions. It was thought that by securing some offshoots of the date trees-for the Arabs never raise from the seedexcellent results might be obtained in Arizona, as the climatic conditions are all right. Mr Walter T. Swingle of the Department of Agriculture was sent to the desert of Sahara, in the Freuch province of Algeria, on an exploring expedition in search of the finest kinds of date palms. He brought back with him 450 young

paims. He brought back with him 450 young plants, safely packed in moss, which he took from France for the purpose, which will be planted in Arizona.

Mr. Swingle landed at Algiers and took a train for Biskra, 250 miles south, and 25 miles within the Sahara. This is a famous saharan winter resort, and although he reached there in May, it was still comfortable. He then started from Biskra and travelled in carriages out into the Sahara a distance of 150 miles. The journey was made over the French military road, which is a well-kept thoroughfare and free from sand or stones. At distances of about forty-five miles apart there are fortilied posts, maintained by the French Army for the pacification of the country. There is a well at each post, the first essential of travel in the desert. The American explorer, however, did not depend upon the native supply of water, but carried the precious field in bot-

said to be strongly alkaline and very distasteful to the ordinary man's stomach. The natives carry drinking water in goat skins, and while this method cools the water, it does not add to its deliciousness.

The journey down was rather monotonous, just the same stretch of desert, blaze of sun and intolerable heat in the middle of the day. The road was good, however, and fair time was made. It is a mistake to suppose that the Sahara is all sand. In most places it is said to be good, loanny soll, which, if irrigated, is as fertile as an illinois prairie. In some sections there are immense sand dunes, higher than the Washington city Post Office and in others there are stretches of "hamada," the rocky desert, which is said to be the most fearful of all.

The people of the desert live mainly on "coucous," which is a kind of tapioca, steamed and served with meat gravy, sheep or goats furnishing the meat. The mess is highly seasoned with red pepper and would be good if it were not so hot. Dates and barley bread form the other staple articles of food. While there are probably 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 date palms in Algeria, each tree producing from 100 to 300 pounds of dates, nine-tenths of the product is consumed at home.

Of course the dates are only grown in the oases which form about the wells in the desert. Wherever there is enough water to supply irrigation there will be a little cluster of palm, some fig trees, barley, vegetables growing under the palms; a blunch of sheep or goats and a few camels for each Arab's establishment. He lives simply and frugally and in the heat of summer hopes to send his stock and his family into the mountain country to weather the heat.

Since the French occupied the country they have sunk artesian wells, about which new oases and great plantations of dates have sprung up, much to the surprise of the aged nomads who have lived to see the desert blossom like the rose. Several hundred thousand new date trees have grown up in these plantations. Near the plantations is the holy city of Sidi In the desert one never seems to perspire, no matter how high the temperature. The moisture evaporates so rapidly that it leaves no trace, and one can wear a high collar without fear of its witing. The temperature in the Sahara sometimes goes as high as 132 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade (granted that shade can be found). This occurs during the prevalence of the strocco. The highest temperature felt by Mr. Swingle was 110 degrees.

The sirocco is a hot wind that blows over the desert, filling the air with fine particles of sand and dust, which penetrate everywhere. The thermometer goes up and, with every window and aperture closed, life becomes aimost unbearable. Every one becomes depressed to an unusual degree, the nerves seeming to be affected in some way. The wind sometimes blows steadily for two or three days, and during that time no one ventures about and all business is at a standstill.

Some beautiful mirage effects were witnessed by Mr. Swingle, although, he says, he has seen better ones in Arizona. In the Sahara the mirage always brings visions of water, lakes and billows, with reedy shores and the overhanging bushes reflected in the stream. In Arizona the mirage is usually a reflection of mcuntains.

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The nights in the desert are described as
wonderful. They are always cool, the temperature falling from 110 degrees to 60 degrees
and lower, and a blanket and wraps are acceptable. A great deal of travelling is done
by night, and the long caravans go swinging
by, silently and mysteriously, in the shadows
of the sand dunes. Owing to the cicarness of
the atmosphere the stars and the heavens can
be studied closely, and one ceases to marvel
that the Arabs have always been students of
astronomy. A sunrise in the desert is described
by Mr. Swingle as the most magnificent scene
he ever witnessed and one which the beholder
is likely never to forget.

There is a great deal of malaria among the
resident Arabs and blindness prevails to an
alarming degree. Visual affections are due
to the action of the sand and the white glare
of the sun. The malaria comes from the irrigating ditches and poors which abound in
the neighborhood of all cases. The water is
often starmant and productive of disease.

Many herds of magnificent horses were seen
on the way, the wealthier Arabs still clinging
to the raising of the noble animais which have
made Arabia famous. Less valuable breeds
of horses are being used for transportation
instead of camels and the industry is growing.
The Arabian takes good care of his horse, but
neglects the faithful camel, who is turned out
to browse upon thisties or anything he can
pick up-

DOBLEY CAPTURES A BEAR. SURPRISE AT BREAKFAST FOR THE PROPLE OF TIN CAN CAMP.

Exciting Tale of the Capture of a Remarkable Animal-Dobley Also Demonstrates His Ability to Catch Trout, Eggs and Corn-Secret of Happy Life in the Woods. Mr. Dobley came through the trees with a basket and a fishing rod. Mr. Freshington and Mrs. Dobley's cousin Leila sat on a shaw outside the tent. When they saw Dobley they began to chant dolefully in unison:

Home again! Home again! From a foreign shore And, Oh! 'twill fill our hearts with joy To see our homes once more!

"The beauty of camping out," said Mr. Dobley, putting down his basket, "is the getting next to nature's heart. You can put your ear to the ground and hear the earth whispering."

"I wish we could get next to a beefsteak, said Freshington. "This thing of living in tin cans may seem the correct thing to you, Dobley, but we have decided that after this we shall spend our summer vacations at hotels where there are electric lights and press buttons and bills of fare and all the horrors of an effete civilization. No more camping out in the woods for me."

"Nor for me," said Mrs. Dobley, with decision. "It sounds beautiful to read about, just as the story of Robinson Crusoe does, but the reality is different." "Then it's so damp!" said Cousin Leila. "I

think we'll all have malaria." "The trouble with you all," said Dobley,"is that you don't enter into the spirit of the trip. You wont hunt or explore or fish. Here is Freshington, for instance, tal ing of beefsteak!

Reefsteak in a camp! Bear steak, my boy, bear steak is the thing in camp!" "How can we have bear steak when there are no bears?" asked Freshington, crossly. "The place is full of bears," said Dobley; "I

had a glimpse of one yesterday morning."

"Where?" said Freshington incredulously. "By the lake. He was drinking and I could have easily shot him, but I didn't have my gun." "That's always a good story," said Freshington.

"What time was it that you saw him?" asked Mrs. Dobley anxiously. "Yesterday morning when you were all sleeping," said Mr. Dobley. "You can't expect

bear to come out and hang around the tent waiting to be shot. You must hunt for 'em. This lethargic inertia that has afflicted you all since we came here to the mountains has not caused me to lose one hour of the enjoyment to be had from a camping experience. Yet you are all tired of it already, longing for hotels. You seemed to expect to find porcelainlined bathtubs and bellboys in white duck trousers in a camp. Why don't you get around and enjoy yourselves. This morning, for instance, while you have all been sleeping I have been fishing."

"What's the use of fishing when you never catch anything?" asked Freshington, "This isn't one of the camping trips you read about. of the finest species of date palms. Dates are It's the real thing and we haven't caught a

"We've lived on canned salmon and sarding ever since we came here," said Mrs. Dobley. "Then," said Dobley, carelessly, "you may be glad to learn that this morning I have caught a few fish for breakfast.

"I don't believe it," said Freshington. "Let's see them," suggested Mrs. Dobley. "Yes, produce them," said Cousin Leffa.

Dobley allowed his gaze to sweep the group scornfully. Then he opened the basket and brought out five speckled trout on a wooden

"You've been to the village and bought 'em, said Freshington. "They're all fixed ready to cook."

"Certainly," said Dobley, calmly. "When I first went to camp, a mere lad, a guide taught me how to prepare fish for the pan, in camp. However, I expected you to treat the matter in this way. When a man has no luck himself he objects to everybody else having any. Don't be cross about it. Freshington.

"No matter where they came from," said Mrs. Dobley, "suppose we cook them for breakfast." "Here," said Dobley, bringing a box of berries om the basket. "are some wild berries of delicious flavor which I gathered in the woods. I heard the tone of complaint you all adopted toward me, for some reason or other, because we only had smoked beef and canned beans for dinner. I resolved that I would show you that right at the very door of your tent were all the delicacies that you craved for, but would not take the trouble to get. These," he continued, producing a basket of eggs from his stores, "I found in a little nest----

"In a tree?" asked Freshington. "In a field of corn several miles from here. Here," he went on, "is the corn." He placed several ears on the ground and looked at the group with haughty eyes. "You didn't shoot any chops or steaks on the wing, did you, Dobley?" asked Freshing-

"I'll go to the spring and get some fresh water," said Cousin Leila. "It seems too good to be true that we are really going to have comething nice for breakfast. Whereve

you got the things, it was nice of you!"
"You, Freshington," said Dobley, with the air of one addressing a deck hand, "might boil the eggs and peel the potatoes. I think you are equal to that. Mrs. Dobley and Leila may cook the fish and the corn. As for me I shall have another look after that bear and I may surprise you."
"Nothing you might do would surprise us," said

may surprise you."

"Nothing you might do would surprise us," said Freshington.

"Get back in time for breakfast," said Mrs. Dobley.

"Oh, he will," said Freshington: "he's only getting out of doing any work. There isn't a bear within a hundred miles."

Dobley smiled as he picked up his shotgun and examined the charge carefully. "Ten minutes for those eggs," he said. "Try and keep your mind on it, Freshington, and remember that all the nutriment of the potato lies next the skin. So don't take off the skin in slabs as you did yesterday."

Dobley dodged just in time to escape one of the vegetables almed at his head and the cooking proceeded as he vanished. The camp table was spread invitingly, and the coffee and other viands appealed oddorously to the mountain appetites of the campers.

"We'll have to change the name of the Tin Can Camp if Dobley brings down much game of this sort," said Freshington.

"I wonder why he doesn't come back," said Mrs. Dobley, who was beginning to look anxious. "Do you think there really is a bear? Could anything have happened to him?"

"Bear?" said Freshington. "He's probably potting Welsh rabbits for luncheon."

Just then a loud halloo sounded through the woods.

"I told you he'd get back to breakfast," said

potting Welsh rabbits for luncheon.

Just then a loud halloo sounded through the woods.

"I told you he'd get back to breakfast," said Freshington. "There's something mighty funny about these hunting trips of his. Every time he comes back he's had a fresh shave."

Mrs. Dobley and her cousin responded to the halloo, making speaking trumpets of their clasped hands. Dobley's shouts grew nearer. "He seems to have something with him," said Mrs. Dobley.

It seemed as though Dobley were urging on a stubborn horse. The campers turned in the direction of his strange elaculations and soon they saw him emerging from the woods. He was not alone. He led a large white bear by a chain, tugging it after him with difficulty. The ladies screamed and ran for the tent. Freshington stood paralyzed with surprise, "Where did you get it?" he said, derisively. "Did you win it at a raffle?" "Don't be frightened," said Dobley, ignoring Freshington and addressing the ladies. "I have him thoroughly subdued. I didn t wan to kill him until you'd seen him. Isn't he a beauty?"

"How did you ever take him alive?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"Did you catch him with a net?" sneered Freshington, "or have you been robbing a menagerie?

"I believe I heard some flippant person remark that there were no bear in the vicinity," said Dobley, patting the bear's back. "Good old boy! This is the kind of bear I like to catch."

"How did you manage to chain him?" asked Mrs. Dobley. "Will he bite?"

"What a lovely rug he'll make!" said Cousin Leila.

Dobley hooked the bear's chain about a tree

Leila.

Dobley hooked the bear's chain about a tree

Dobley hooked the bear's chain about a tree trunk.

"I told you," he said, "that to catch bear one had to hunt for them. I catch them before breakfast. Let me congratulate you upon the eggs, Freshington. They look perfect!"

Dobley seated himself at the table, while Mrs. Dobley and Cousin Leila began to wait on him, regarding him proudly. Only Freshington looked suspicious.

"What shall we do with him?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

him," said Cousin Leila. "He doesn't look a bit flerce. Do you think he's hungry?" Dobley handed the bear an apple. He took it in his paw and made a low bow of thanks. "Isn't he lovely?" exclaimed the ladies, with delight. "Tell us how you captured him."

"Isn't he lovely?" exclaimed the ladies, with delight. "Tell us how you captured him."
"Yes—do tell us." said Freshington.
Mrs. Dobley poured the coffee into the tin cups and passed them around. "It seems like a fairy tale," she said.

"Or a bear story," said Freshington.

"I was walking along the edge of the lake," said Dobley, "not thinking particularly of anything except breakfast, when I fancied I saw something moving in the woods. I paused a moment and waited breathlessly, for I could hardly believe it possible that a bear of such size should be in the vicinity of our camp."

"Or that a polar bear would be taking a walk in the Adirondacks," said Freshington.

"Suddenly it turned," went on Dobley, "and stood regarding me fixedly. I felt a queer sort of fear seize upon me. My arms hung numb and helpless at my sides."

"Were your feet rooted to the ground?" asked Freshington.

"Oh, hushi" said Mrs. Dobley. "Do let him tell the story in his own way."

"Then I raised my gun and was about to fire, Just then I saw the bear give the cowboy signal—this sort of thing."

Dobley waved his hand in the air, fluttering the fingers at the bear. It responded enthusiastically."

"Isn't it too sweet for anything?" said Cousin

"lsn't it too sweet for anything?"said Cousin Leila. I saw at once," said Dobley, "that this was

no common bear—
"No, more of a trick bear," said Freshington.
"I lowered my gun," went on Dobley, "and approached it, calling softly, but never removing my eyes from its own. It came slowly toward me and offered me its paw. It seemed to realize that I had spared its life."
"You're hereby appointed President of the Cheerful Liar Club, said Freshington.
"The control I have over it is wonderful, said Dobley. He handed the bear his hat and it advanced to the end of its chain and presented the hat to each in turn as though begging.

sented the hat to each in turn as though begging.

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Dobley, "it has evidently seen hard times." She put a lump of sugar in the hat but the bear shook its head disapprovingly.

Freshington offered it a cigarette but it remised violently with its head. "It is wonderful the instinct that animals posses," said Dobley, taking a corneob pipe from his pocket and filling it from a pouch. He presented it to the bear, which bowed and began to puff it calmily. "It is the most wonderful bear I ever saw," said Cousin Leila. "Why, it will make a splendid pet. I am so glad you didn't shoot it?"

"You all heard this man Freshington declare that there was no such thing as a bear with in miles, didn't you?" asked Mr. Dobley.

"We certainly did!" said both ladies at once. "And I have branded his statement as false, have I not?" said Dobley.

"Of course you have!" said Mrs. Dobley.

"I think Mr. Freshington should apologize," said Cousin Leila.

"And now," said Dobley, looking at his watch. short talk he gave men old enough to be his grandpapas. the troopers, 'it's kinder tough to have a kid along. bloomin' sure. You'll find out he aint goin' to be hovercome by no 'eat, 'e aint'

said Cousin Lella.

"And now," said Dobley, looking at his watch,
"I intend to give the poor animal back its free-"How perfectly noble of you!" said Mrs.

Dobley.
"Oh, let us keep it," pleaded Cousin Leila.
"Oh, let us keep it," pleaded Cousin Leila. "Oh, let us keep it," pleaded cousn Lena.
"It will make the camp so much more real."
"No," said hobley, firmly; "it has trusted me and I will not betray that trust. It is used to the glad free life of the woods. I will set if free and wil watch it pass back into the shadow of the forest—into the mysterious mazes of the the—

the — "The museum," said Freshington, as Dobley "The intesem, said Freshington, as Dobley unchained the bear.

"Let us all go and see him get his freedom," suggested Mrs. Dobley.

"I prefer to be alone," said Dobley solemnly. A voice echoed through the woods. It seemed to be calling in Italian. The bear tugged restlessly at its chain. Dobley led it hurriedly toward the calling voice. Freshington, Mrs. Dobley and Cousin Lelia started to follow him.

"I insist that you remain here," said Dobley tensis that you remain here, said Dobley, sternly, fust as a small, dark-skinned man with white teeth and earrings pushed his way through the trees. The bear broke from Dobley and rolled on the ground with joy at the feet of the newcomer, who began to mumble to its bridge. Italian.
"Kind-a gentleman-a," he said, smiling at

in Italian.

"Kind-a gentleman-a," he said, smiling at Dobley, who seemed somewhat disconcerted. Kind-a gentleman-a giv-a me five-dollar-hir-a the bear-and go away, but the gentlemen-a at the hotel say you steal-a the bear. Not so -eh? All right-a, kind-a gentleman." "Hote:!" exclaimed the campors.

"Yes," said Dobley, "When I selected this wild, desolate spot for a camping ground I made sure that there was a hotel in the vicinity. I knew that you'd never move far enough from the tent to discover it, and when we walked I led you the other way over the trail you remember." "You mean old thing!" said Mrs. Dobley.

"The best joke, though, is on Freshington," said Dobley. "He refused to accompany me on my hunting expeditions, preferring to loaf here with you girls while I visited the hotel, saw the New York payers, telegraphed to the office and kept track of things. It's a first-class hotel with an orchestra and a billiard room and all the comforts of home.

"Are there any men there?" asked Cousin Leila, anxiously.

"I arranged for rooms there to-day," said Dobley.

"Heoray!" shouted the campers.

"Hooray!" shouted the campers.
"Hoo do you get there?" asked Freshington.
"Over the trail, through the guich and across lots," said Dobley. "It's about ten minutes' And the campers of Tin Can Camp proceeded to desert their tented home, followed by the Italian and Dobley's bear.

PRAYER SYMBOLS IN NEW YORK.

A Puzzling Discovery Made by a Japanese

Traveller in This City. Some of the travellers who wander over the face of the earth and return to America to write their impressions of foreign countries from a point of view peculiarly their own turn out information about those countries that must seem to the residents thereof weird and unwholesome, if it ever meets their eyes. On the other hand the foreign press sometimes gets even by printing impressions of America from its travelled correspondents. New York is, of course, the Mecca of these gentlemen and their observations of the metropolis, which occasionally drift back here, make interesting reading. On this order is an excerpt from a Japanese newspaper, a translation of which was recently sent ious ceremonials of the Americans, wrote thus:

to a gentleman in this city in a letter from an American resident in Japan. The writer of the newspaper article in describing the relig-"One of the strange things which I noted in New York and saw in no other part of the country was the prevalence of the paper or cardboard prayers hung upon the doors and windows of dwellings. These are all in one form and are

New York and saw in no other part of the country was the prevalence of the paper or cardboard trayers hung upon the doors and windows of dwellings. These are and in one form and are
not unornamental. They seem to be used by
all classes, but are more common in the crowded
global to the paper of the paper of the
angle roof, than in the higher class streets. I
have even seen them on store fronts, some
times they remain out only for a see hours,
rule regulating the time of display. Each of
the pagers is a crimson square with a singular,
remaining out curves, in the hiddle of the act
the character is of pure white. From what it
could learn it has some deep religious and usytic order in the some deep religious and usytic over anning effect on those in its vicinity. I
have often observed a crowd of druken braviers
shouting and stuffing about the entrance
jean colors of the prayer symbol. Mevertheless if was much imprehend by the number of these
the Americans, and New Norkers in particular,
were inclined to be of an irreligious tendency,
When I questioned people about the nature of
specifically. This is et down to the characteristic restonge of the American upon all spiritual
matters. I believe, however, that the place disspecifically. This is et down to the characteristic restonges of the American upon all spiritual
matters. I believe, however, that the place disspecifically. This is et down to the characteristic restonges of the American upon all spiritual
matters. I believe, however, that the place disspecifically. This is et down to the characteristic restonges of the American upon a
fortube. The American in Japan, who is something
of a Japanese scholar, sat down, when he encide, read it through conclusion. He had to
matter the particular of the
matter of the particular of
matter of the particular of the
matter of the particular of the

A GHOST UP ON A KOPJE. CAPT. SAM HICKS'S HUNT FOR A

BOER'S SKIN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Scouting Expedition of a Cowpuncher With a

British Officer Who Was a Dead Game

Sport-Boer Tactics That Reminded Capt.

Hicks of the Guadeloupe Mountains,

Capt. Sam Hicks, one-time cowpuncher and

Texas ranger, passed through New York the

other day on his way home from an extended

tour with a small, half-headed bullet hole in

his right chest. That is to say, the front end

of the hole was in his right chest; the year end

was somewhere in the neighborhood of his

corresponding shoulder blade. Capt. Hicks

ment the summer of 1895 with his personal

friend Theodore Roosevelt and others, plo

picing in Cuba. Later he joined Gen. Buller

a South Africa by special invitation. The

bullet hole above mentioned is a souvening

me detailed on special scout duty because I

was foxy enough to know there was a Boe

behind a rock when he shot at me. English

scouts have to see the Boer before they're

sure. One day they sent a detachment of some

a little tenderfoot officer. He couldn't been

more'n 'bout 19 years old. I had to grin to

see the style the little fellow put on and the

"But the trooper says: 'Don't you be too

"I want to say right here that trooper knew

"We worked out 'bout nine miles that morn

ing, on some tip the little off cer had from head-

quarters, without seein' no sign of a Boer

till jes' as we halted for grub 'bout noon at

girths of my mare, and the Lieutenant was

sittin' in the shade of a big boulder makin'

notes in a book, when phut! a Mauser bullet

up and shades his eyes with his hand, but he

couldn't see anything. There was a sorter

broken, rocky country fer a half mile in front

of us and beyond that a row of kopjes stretchin'

down fer another half mile or so, most likely

says the little Lieutenant. 'We'll wait a min-

ute and see what them chaps think they're

the kopjes while he eat. Purty soon, zip comes

another bullet and knocks off a chunk of rock

the top of that there tumylus after luncheon.

and moves round to the other side of the boulder

the rest of us was layin' low waitin' fer the

Boor to show hisself, but he wasn't so easy.

"This business of squintin' through a spy

"'What you goin' o do about it?' I ast him.

" 'Deploy nothing,' I says. 'He'll pick your

"The Lieutenant made a face and grabbed

men off like chickens. Gimme two hours and

I'll crawl out and bring in his skin.'

glass and makin' target practice for that

blamed Boer begin to give me the staggers.

Then he got out his field glass and watched

'It's quite annoyin' ' he says, 'sein' 's how

'Lead your horses under cover, men,'

what he was talking about. That little off cer

boy was a dead game sport.

to the bed of some stream.

longside his head.

him silly fer a while.

bullets all round him.

boy, 'there's only one of 'em.

deploy and drive 'im in.'

doin'.

ral.

dozen of us across the river in command of

experiences.

and begin to laugh. Then I sung out:
"Hi, of razorback, I knew that game ten

"'Hi, of razorback, I knew that game ten years aro.'
"But they wa'n't no move from the dead Boer. I guess I laid there half an hour. Maybe the cussed fool's dead after all, I thought, and that fancy jumpin' only jest showed how nacheral Jim done it. Then I thought I'd take a look out. I don't know how I come to uncover so much, but his bullet ripped up the fieshy part of my shoulder. Wasn't he a perfessor? I backed over and begin to tie it up best I could. Then I yelled out.

"Never touched me, old Com Paul,' and started in to whistle. You know what's the tune a man from Tom Greene county whistles no matter where he's at—'Lula, gal.' Some sings it; but out of 'bout 2,000 verses there's only one I ever hear of you kin sing in perlite company. Well, I was whistlin' her out and tyin' up my shoulder, when all to onct the Boer hollers down:

"Zing it. Tommy, zing it. You can't."

s down:
"Zing it, Tommy, zing it. You can't."
"You're a liar," I hollered back, and begin "Oh, you'd better not moukey with ma Lulah,
I'll tell y' w'at I'll do-o-o.
I'll carre roun' your heart wid a razzer,
N' cut you half in two.
N' cut you half in two.

of this last sojourn. It in no way interfered "Ten I yelled up: 'Ow's that, Dutchy?' tryin' to talk like a Tommy so's he wouldn't know what he was up against.

"Pooty goot.' says the Boer. 'Vere you learn dot zong?'

"Ood's country.' says I, 'that you'll peter see, you dirty turkey buzzard.'

"Vere's dot?' sez he.
"Tom Greene country. Texas, if you got to with the veracious relation of the Captain' "The blamedest time I had durin' the whole outfit," says the Captain, "was with one of them Boer videttes down there near the Tugels River, when Buller was tryin' to find a good "Tom Greene county, Texas, if you got to know, I says. Then I begin again: easy wagen traff up to Ladysmith. They had

"Oh. I ain't gwine work in the co'n fiel'
I ain't gwine to lay in fail— "Oh. I ain't gwine work in the co'n fiel'
I ain't gwine to lay in fail—
"But I didn't git no further, fer jest then
they was a racket up behind the Boer's rock,
and next minute biamed if I didn't see the
Boer crawl right over the top of it and put
down the kopie fast as he could leg it, wavin'
his rife in one hand and his hat in the other,
and yellin' like a drunk Indian.
"I never see that new game he's workin'.
I thought, not losin' any time gittin' my Mauser
up to my shoulder. Well, sir, what do you
s'pose happened then? Before I could take
a sight that Boer stopped runnin' and began
hoppin' round yellin' worse and more of it.

"Sam. hi Sam,' he says, 'put up that gun
you damn measily old fool. First thing you
know it'll go off and hurt somebody."
"I stood up at that. If there's ghosts up
here, I says to myself. I'm through. For I'm
a liar if that Boer hoppin' round up there on
the kopie like a Moqui snake dance wasn't my
ol' pardrer Jim Conger what died of dysentery
down at Santiago.
"Soon's he saw me git up he comes on jumpin'
and stumblin' down. I jest stood there
watchin' him till he crawis down over my rock

'It being such a hot day,' I says to one of

"Soon's he saw me git up he comes on jumpin' and stumblin' down. I jest stood there watchin' him till he crawis down over my rock and grabs me by the throat.

"Sam," he says, 'you damn, measiy, long-legged robber, where's them \$2 fer that there

combrero.

"Then I knew it wasn't no ghost, fer Jim had sold me a sembrero jes 'fore he was took with the dysentery, and I'd never got no chance the foot of a little kopje. I was loosenin' the

to square up.

"I thought you was dead.' I says, punchin' him in the belly till he let go my throat. What you mean, you bloody Boer, keepin' me out all afternoon in this sun, 'thout any water and my chewin' t'bacco spilled out on the way over?" kicked up the dust right at his feet. He gets over?"

"I was bout to die,' he says, 'but I escaped from the horspital 'n' got this job.

"The thunder you did.' I says.
"Tes,' says Jim, 'it's better'n punchin' cattle. Two hunderd a mouth and all you got to do is to play horse with them British spaniards.
"You're a liar,' I says, lookin' at my jame."

You're a liar,' I says, lookin' at my lame shoulder a nar, I says, tool was thinkin' I was thinkin' I got somethin' that shot.' Then he chucked a piece of chewin' terbacco at me, and made me sit over in the shade while he tied up my

shoulder.

"I hadn't noticed the sun was 'bout down.
But, next thing, I heard a sort of a iuss up in the rocks, and when I looked up there was a dozen or so Mausers squinting at us and the little kid off cer climbin' down with a pistol in I wanted to have a look at the country from his hand.
"Excuse me fer disturbin' you, gentlemen,'
he says, 'but if it aint too much trouble I'd like
to ast Mr. Hicks here if this is a rescue party

"Purty soon the Lieutenant gits up, dustin' to ast Mr. Hiers here it this is a resection. I'm commandin' or a prison convoy.

"But before I could speak up Jim says.

"This ain't neither. This here's a G.
encampment, and don't you fergit it.'

"What's them?' says the Lieutenant.

"Make you accomment." Leave, with me. the crumbs off his trousers and calls the corpo-'McCoy,' he says to the Corporal. The Corporal come up and s'luted. Then he took long breath and slid down in his tracks like i

"What's them?' says the Lieutenant.
"Make you acquainted.' I says, 'with my old
friend, Capt. Jim Conget of El Paso, Texas.'
"Belighted,' says the Lieutenant, 'but would
you be so kind's to inform me what you done
with that there Beer-skin you was bringin' in?" bag of sand. We pulled him further round boulder and looked him over. He wasn't with that there Beer-skin you was bringin' in?"
I told you that little off eer kid was a deadgame sport. When I give him the whole layout straight he give Jim a kind of solemn look
for a minute. Then he stepped over and shook
hands with him like a gentleman.
"I'd like mighty well, he says, to git square
with you fer my casualties, but I ain't vi'latin'
no flag of trace. It must be pleasant to meet
an old friend this onespected way."
"No hard feelin's, I hope,' says Jim.
"Nary one,' says the Lieutenant."
"At that Jim says he reckoned he'd have to
be gettin' long. He came over and punched hurt much- a Mauser bullet had jes' ploughed a furrow crost the top of his scalp and knocked "The beggar's got our range nicely,' says the Lieutenant, pickin' up his glass and steppin' out to one side to get a clear view. The feller up on the kopie didn't lose no time droppin'

"At that Jim says he reckoned he'd have be gettin' long. He came over and punch me a couple in the ribs, askin' me to give he regards to the boys if I got back to El Pafirst. Then he says, 'So long, Sam and gent and the last we seen him he as to workin' backers the Boars we "'Judgin' from his fire,' says the off'cer

thick as prairie-dogs.

"Ever seen him since? No. The dead-game little off eer kid was killed two days later goin up Spion Kop. I heard Jim was laid out that time Roberts got the drop on old Cronge up on the Orange River. But you kin never tell bout Jim. Wouldn't surprise me if he was at the depot when I get off the train at El Paso."

COST OF SODA WATER FOUNTAINS. Some Run as High as \$20,000- Many Foun-

men off like chickens. Ginme two hours and I'll crawl out and bring in his skin.'

"The Lieutenant made a face and grabbed holt of his left elbow.

"'Any more such langwidge and you go back to camp under errest.' he says. 'Otherwise your suggestion ain't bad. You may go out and try to pot him while we draw his fire.'

"Then he went over and sat down behind the rock and motioned 'em to cut away his sleeve. Blamed if another Mauser builted hadn't smashed up his elbow all kinder ways. I didn't lose no time sneakin' out to the left when it locked as though I'd have the most cover up to the koppe. You be: I needed all the cover I could flud. Part of the way I snaked along on my belly and part of the way I ducked and run fer it, but every time I showed so much as a lock of hair that Boer had a try fer it. Two or three times I stopped and laid jow hopin' he'd be carelees, but he knew his pusiness like an Apache buck. The party back at the little kopje was keepin' up a steady fire at the landscape, but they didn't bother the Boer a little bit. It was hot work crawlin' over them rocks you could fry eggs on, and the sun scorchin' the hair off a man through his clothes, and the water in my can gave out.

"By" by I struck the foot of the Boer's kopje and begin workin' up. It wasn't ridin' in no elevator. I crawled clean around that kopje three times before I got haif-way to the top, that cussed Boer droppin' his billy-ducks round me every pot of the way. I'd fergot all 'bout how I'd come out to git his skin fer a souvenir fer the little off cer—I was too busy figgerin' out how to keep my own from githin' plugged full of holes. You kin believe I was feeling purty bad—me that had stalked Greusers and Apaches in my time—to be kep' kickin' round like a heifer yearling on the end of a rope.

"Must a been 'bout 5 o'clock when I begin to get well up the kopje. I'd been some'eres 'bout four hours from the foot. Durin' the past half-hour or so it had been so quiet up where the Boer had been so quiet up where the Boer had been so qu tains Rented to Druggists. Those whose pleasure is commensurate with the cost of the source whence it is derived should be raised to the seventh heaven of bliss when drinking soda water. Not that the liquid Itself is so expensive, but the fountain it is drawn from is. A confectioner or druggist who makes up his mind to keep up with the march of progress by putting in a soda water plant will have to be equipped with something more substantial than determination. He must have money. and a good deal of it, according to the kind of

fountain he buys. "The cost of a soda water fountain, like everything else, is determined by the fixings," said the head clerk of a First avenue manufacturing house. "There are soda water plants in this town that cost as much as \$12,000. I could take you to a dozen within half an hour, over on Broadway and Sixth avenue, that did not cost

you to a dozen within half an hour, over on Broadway and Sixth avenue, that did not cost a cent less than that amount. These are the big twenty-foot plants in the popular stores where a rushing business is the rule. These expensive plants are made of onyx, the faucets are of heavily plated silver and they are provided with fine mirrors for the accommodation of feminine soda tipplers. Besides all this outside show, the high-priced fountains are finished off with exceeding care on the inside. They are lined with glass, instead of tin, which is utilized in the cheaper fountains. The use of glass naturally raises the price considerably, but it is a sure preventive against accidents from poisoning that are likely to result at any time from the use of metal, which is bound to be affected, to a greater or less degree, by the accidulous juices.

"After considering the \$12,000 and \$10,000 plants, the prices range all the way down to \$1.000 and even \$500. These cheaper grades are made of various kinds of marble and have less ornamentation. Styles in soda water fountains change from year to year the same as in everything else. A season or so ago it was the fashion to run to architectural display and fountains are seen in many stores to-day whose onyx and marble pillars and ornamental façades form quite an imposing picture. In this season's output the prevailing feature has been simplicity.

"All the soda water fountains in use in New York do not represent a cash sale by any means. The renting of fountains is a big business. In fact, more than half of the fountains in operation in this city to-day are still owned by the manufacturer, who lets them by the season. The renting of fountains in use in New York do not represent a cash sale by any means. The renting of fountains is a big business. In fact, more than half of the fountains in operation in this city to-day are still owned by the nanufacturer, who lets them by the season. The renting system. The more expensive plants, however, are of course owned by the proprietors o year round, while others store the apparatus with us during the winter, which can be done free of charge. Often one man will rent the same plant season after season. We guarantee the life of each foundin to be ten years, but we have plants in operation to-day in parts of the city where the latest improvements are not insisted upon that were used in that same store fifteen years ago. A \$12,000 plant couldn't show a much better record than that. Anyway, the longevity of a \$500 plant is almost as great as one costing twenty times as much. The difference lies in the appearance and the number of people that can be accommodated.

From the St. Paul Ploneer Press.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

DEADWOOD, S. D., July 15—The champion wolf catcher in the West is no doubt W. R. Werd, who came to Rapid City this week with 332 reles—244 of the gray welf and 78 of the coyote. He got a bounty of \$3 per head for the gray well-sand \$1 each for the coyotes. This made him \$810, which is the largest sum of welf bounty inoney ever paid one can in the West. Werd uses traps entirely. He came to the Black Hills from the cattle ranges of Texas, where he was considered a wonder. He has a secret preparation, which he ruts on his traps, that attracts them for miles. He employs several men to help him look after his traps.

a been takin' lessons off'n poor Jim. It was blame familiar I laid down on my knees YALE'S NEW BUILDINGS.

ARCHITECTURAL TRANSFORMA-TION NOW GOING ON.

hanges Which Will Make a Guide Necessary for the Old Graduate Who Revisits the University at the Bicentennial Next Year-An Expenditure of \$3.000,000. NEW HAVEN, July 21 .- When the Yale gradunte of ten years back returns to New Haven in October, 1901, for the celebration of Yale's 200th anniversary, he will need a guide to conduet him about the Yale campus and show him Yale's new buildings, unless he has been in the habit of visiting New Haven frequently. Yale University has been practically rebuilt during the last ten years, and between now and the bicentennial the finishing touches will be put on the work. On Tuesday of this week contracts were let for the construction of four new buildings, which are to form a new campus and the erection of which will cost close to

million and a half of dollers. To commemorate her 200th anniversary Yale will erect what will be known as the Memorial buildings. There will be three of them, a large dining hall which will accommodate the entire undergraduate body, a memorial vestibule which will be a sort of hall of heroes in which the names of Yale's distinguished graduates will be inscribed, and an auditorium large enough to accommodate the greatest audiences that ever assemble at Tale at commencement time or on other important oo casions.

been begun the construction of a fourth, which will form a part of the new square. It will be known as Woodbridge Hall. It will cost \$60,000 and is the gift of the Misses Stokes of New York, aunts of Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., the new secretary of the corporation. This building will be for the use of the executive officers of the university. It will also contain a large room where the meetings of the corporation will be held.

On a block adjoining the square where the Memorial buildings will stand a fifth big building is now in process of construction. This is the Fayerweather dormitory. It will cost \$160,000, and is being constructed with the \$350,000 which Yale received from the Faverweather estate. This dormitory will be one of the best that Yale possesses. In the same square as the Memorial buildings a sixth new building is now being erected by a few of the graduates. It is the chapter house of the Delta Phi fraternity. This hall will be the most expensive and elaborate of the many secret society halls at Yale. It is of white marble modelled after an old Greek temple and will cost \$75,000.

Between now and October, 1901, the Medical School will erect three new buildings, which will practically mean the rebuilding of the home of this department of the university. There are, therefore, at least ten buildings to be completed in time for the celebration of Yale's 200th anniversary. The cost of these buildings will amount to nearly \$3,000,000. This will be the substantial way in which Yale proposes to celebrate her 200th birthday.

These ten new buildings, however, form only part of the architectural reconstruction of Yale that has taken place during the past ten years. Since 1800 Yale has erected, largely through gifts, the following buildings: Lawrence Dormitory, Dwight Full, the new gymnasium, Kent Laboratory, Osborne Hall, a recitation building, and Welch and Vanderbilt halls, both dormitories, and it has made a large addition to Batte I Chapel. All of these buildings stand on the old campus. In order to make room for them it has been necessary to raze to the ground what was known as "Old Yale." The old fence was first destroyed, and since that time the buildings of the old brick row have fallen one by one. Of this famous row of plain brick buildings, which until a quarter of a century ago constituted all of Yale College, there are now only three left, South Middle College, the Lyceum and North College. All the rest have been torn down to make way for new Yale despite the protests of graduates who believed that sentiment was more important for a college than big and comfortable new buildings.

Adjacent to the original campus a new camus was started four years as tion of White and Berkeley dormitories. The buildings are situated in the square bounder by Elm, College, Wall and High streets. The buildings of the Divinity School occupy the southeast corner of this square. White and Berkeley Halls are on the southwest corner. Fayerweather Hall will run straight through the centre of the square parallel to White and Berkeley halls. It will form one of a group of seven buildings which when completed will form a new square of dormitories. These dormitories will fill half of the block. The Divinity School occupies a quarter section of the block. The remaining quarter contains the home of former President Dwight and few other houses. The home of President Dwight has just been deeded to Yale, so the university owns practically all of this block.

The block on which the Memorial buildings are to be erected is adjacent to this last block and is bounded by Wall, College, Grove and High streets. These three squares are parallel to one another and it is the purpose of the university eventually to join them all together by a series of gateways. This is the first oneral plan that has ever been laid out for the arrangement of Yale's buildings. Had the college of 100 years ago formed a plan such as this, the university buildings would undoubtedly have been moved away from the centre of the city, and it would not have been necessary as it has been during the past ten years for Yale to expend hundreds of thousands of dollars for expensive city property in order to get ground room for her buildings. The cost of land has made it necessary to pile the buildings together. For this reason Yale will never have such handsome campuses as Harvard or Princeton or Pennsyvania, or Cornell.

These are by no means all of the buildings that will be new to the graduate of ten years ago who comes to New Haven in 1801 for the first time since graduation. Over at the Scientifle School he will find the big engineering building, known as Winchester Hall, and the new Chemical Laboratory, one of the largest and finest in the world. The last of the old Sheffield mensions has also come into possession of the university and is now used as a biological laboratory. The Cloister, St. An-thony's Hall, York Hall and St. Elmo Hall, all dormitories of the secret societies of the Scientific School, have been, erected within the

past few years. Over in College street close by the new camous the university recently acquired what is known as College Street Hall, which is now the home of the department of music. When the new Memorial buildings are completed this department will find a new home close by the

Memorial buildings.

These are the architectural changes old graduate will find at Yale. They have been made necessary by the transition of Yale from a college to a great university. Even with all these new buildings Yale will still need room and the first ten years of the twentieth century are likely to be marked by many as new buildings as the last ten years. It is a conservative estimate that buildings during the closing ten years of the nineteenth century will cost Yale nearly \$5,000,000.

> Preparatory. From B ooklyn Life.

Ethel-Mamma, don't you think women should know how to cook so that they may be able to look after their husbands discussion when they marry? Marama—Certainly, dear.

Ethel-Mayn't I go to the kitchen then and practise making butterscoich?

How the Would Vix It.

From the late of Free Land He Wil you be mire! She Hardly that, Henry, Why can't we arrange it so that each of us will be out?